

"THUNDERING GOOD LAWYER" IS WOMAN U. S. ATTORNEY

A Daughter of the Golden West, Mrs. Annette Abbot Adams Won Her Place in Competition With Best Talent of the Coast in Difficult Cases—By Mayme Ober Peak

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"I DON'T know what the rest of you fellows think, but it seems to me this appointment of women to the big federal jobs is getting to be a serious matter! Take this new assistant attorney general, Mrs. Annette Adams, for instance—who in thunder is she?"

Thus do the Bill Joneses—the office-seekers of the country—deliver themselves.

While the Jane Smiths, put on the defensive, in all the dignity of their new power reply: "Annette Abbott Adams, of California? Why, she's a thundering good lawyer—we'll say she is!"

And the Jane Smiths of these days know what they are talking about. Mrs. Annette Abbot Adams, the new assistant United States district attorney, is a thundering good lawyer, and while her appointment was a fine tribute to the big suffrage state, and, coming at this time, certainly made a bit with the lady voters all over the country, the political significance of the appointment plays a very small part when you examine into the legal record of this clear-cut, able woman lawyer.

Still apparently in her thirties, Mrs. Adams is a slim, youngish-looking woman, who, while not handsome or smart in appearance, has one of the most interesting faces I ever looked into. Reserved and quiet in her manner, she radiates poise and self-reliance and efficiency, and as she modestly replies to questions put to her does not seem to be at all impressed with her own importance.

In fact, she told me that out in California the newspaper boys who hung around the court rooms were always accusing her of overlooking the "high lights" when it came to news pertaining to her office, whereas she took the position that just be-

that spectacular trial came pretty near being her last.

However, Mrs. Adams says that she isn't at all afraid of Indians, either the foreign or domestic brand. At Plattsville, Plumas county, Calif., where she was born, she grew up among them, and when as little Annette Abbott she tramped ten miles and back every day to school, she was attended by a half-breed Indian guide, who was also the rural mail carrier. In winter the trip was made on snowshoes, and while snowshoes and California seem a bit out of keeping, the district in which the Abbotts lived was the mountain district, isolated and cold. Half the year its snow-covered mountain tops could be seen looming up from the luxuriant Sacramento Valley, and, kissed by a California sunshine, formed one of the



Mrs. Annette Abbot Adams, who handles California's legal business

Prettiest pictures which the tourists carried away.

Annette Abbott's mother, who before her marriage was a school teacher in Maine, was very ambitious for her daughter, and supplemented the education which she received at the little mountain school with nightly instruction in the languages and higher English. She it was who made it possible for her to enter the University of California with unusual equipment for so young a girl, and who urged her on to higher things.

So that while Annette Abbott perfected herself as a teacher and returned to teach the schools in her own county when she left the university, later becoming principal of the Modoc High School at Alturas, during which time she married, she never felt quite satisfied that school-teaching was her forte, and made up her mind after a few years of it that she would try for "higher things"—why not law?

She admits now that she can't account for her hankering after law—if hankering it was (I think it was her woman's intui-

tion, don't you, Jane Smith?)—unless that having taken her bachelor's degree in law when she attended the university in 1904 had "rather piqued her interest." Anyhow, she went back to the university, graduating in 1912 with the degree of doctor of jurisprudence, which carried with it admission to the bar.

Soon after, casting about for a law partner, Mrs. Adams decided to join forces with Miss Marguerite Ogden, daughter of Judge Ogden, of Oakland, and, opening up law offices in the Monadnock Building in San Francisco, hung out the shingle of the firm, "Adams & Ogden," without a single misgiving that the two good lawyers behind it would be able to overcome sex prejudice and get all the practice they could handle.

And what happened goes to prove that there is a lot in this new banish-all-fear cult, for it wasn't any time at all before Adams & Ogden were as busy as could be, and the senior member, Mrs. Adams, had an established reputation. She handled her cases so successfully and was such a formidable force in the courtrooms—speaking out just as she did when she wanted to drive

home a lesson in her schoolroom—that people began to sit up and take notice. Particularly was this true of the United States attorney, Mr. Preston, who decided that it would be a much wiser thing to have this wizard of a woman lawyer "for him," than constantly winning out "agin him," and when Judge Baker, elected to Congress from the California mountain district, came to Washington with the suggestion that Mrs. Adams be appointed assistant to the United States attorney for the northern district of California I rather think it was that attorney man Preston who "put the bug in his ear."

HOWEVER, be that as it may, Mrs. Adams received the appointment and entered upon her duties as aide to the United States attorney at San Francisco in October, 1904. And she made so good that four years later, when Attorney Preston was appointed chief assistant to the attorney general, she was the logical successor, and on July 25, 1908, was nominated to fill the vacancy as United States attorney for the northern district of California, comprising two-thirds of the state and the second biggest part in the country. This position, the first of its kind to which a woman was appointed, Mrs. Adams was holding at the time of her appointment to the Department of Justice.

When Mrs. Adams was up for appointment to the California vacancy, the then attorney general, Mr. McReynolds, opposed it, holding that no woman on earth could handle the complicated cases coming up in that district, involving white slavery, immigration, violation of the Asiatic exclusion law, selling of liquor to Indians, smuggling, customs and the like.

But his successor, Mr. Gregory, thought differently, and one of the first things he did on coming into office was to confirm Mrs. Adams' appointment as United States district attorney. When, at the Department of Justice a few days ago, I glanced over the wide range of important legal matters which will now come under the jurisdiction of this woman as assistant attorney general of the United States, I could hardly refrain from smiling. For in spite of its being a little out of the ordinary for dignified justices of the Supreme Court to "throw a fit," I just pictured Justice McReynolds as doing so when he heard of Mrs. Adams' appointment to this big job.

And I declare, I can't altogether blame him, for it seems to me that the following schedule of duties is pretty heavy for one pair of female shoulders. Here we are:

Taxation, other customs.
Insurance: a. War risk insurance; b. Federal employees; c. Pensions—civil.
Minor regulations of commerce; hours of service act; twenty-eight-hour act, safety appliance act; quarantine act; pure food act; meat transportation act; game bird

act; insecticide and fungicide act and virus act.

Adamson act.
Suits to set aside orders of the I. O. O. Prisons.

Yes, it is a big-sized job to handle all these departmental matters, but then Mrs. Annette Adams is a big-sized lawyer—remember that!—who knows what it is to tackle hard propositions, and the harder they are, the better she likes 'em.

For instance, out in California—that state most vitally interested in the wine industry—she secured the decision upholding the constitutionality of the national prohibition amendment—the first test case, U. S. vs. Dillon, to come up in the United States.

Another big stunt she pulled off was to considerably cut the cost of living out in her state. This she did by interesting the housewives' leagues and alliances in reporting to her office cases of food or clothing profiteering, and, through her special agents, running down and prosecuting said profiteers. Pity a few more states hadn't women prosecuting attorneys! Don't you think so, Bill Jones?

And that reminds me, Bill, not long ago I heard one of your clan declare that all this talk about women doing such marvelous

things made him tired. "There isn't anything, when you come down to brass tacks," he raved, "that a man can't do better than a woman. Why, good Lord, haven't the very finest cooks in the world been men, and the most famous dress-makers?"

Granted, Bill, but did you ever know a chef who could do anything but cook, or a ladies' tailor who ever practiced law? I never did, while just look at the Jane Smiths who can do both with equal ease!

Mrs. Adams, the new satellite at the Department of Justice, is a striking case in point, for she is not only a fine lawyer, but a fine cook, and although I forgot to ask her, I have no doubt that she is an equally fine dressmaker. Out on the coast, with her six assistants and her long hours in the court rooms, the way she kept her balance was being a lawyer part of the time and a woman all the rest.

And when she went home at night she slipped from her legal gown into a kitchen apron, cooked her own dinner and cleaned up her five-room apartment—housewife to the core.

Better watch these Janes, Bill, who, while they haven't changed their skin one whit, surely are making some headway. First thing you know, they'll be sitting up on the Supreme Court bench or White House-keeping for the nation.

Blue Grass Society Girl's Long Fight to Free Father

HOW a Kentucky girl, pampered and protected, of an aristocratic wealthy Blue Grass family, suddenly left penniless and forced to earn her own living when her father was imprisoned for wrecking his bank, not only achieved success in the business world, but succeeded against tremendous odds in obtaining her father's pardon within five years, only to collapse physically on the day of triumph with a grave operation the only chance for her recovery—this briefly is the remarkable story of beautiful Kate Alexander, daughter of George Alexander, Paris, Ky.

Five years ago Miss Alexander was one of the most popular young women in the Blue Grass. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the state. She was blessed with a most charming disposition. She used her father's wealth to bring comfort and cheer to unfortunate and poor. Christmas, with gifts, she visited scores of families in unfortunate circumstances. She was personally known to nearly every person in the county. Her hand in marriage had been sought by a number of young men, wealthy and of the best families.

Then the catastrophe came. The bank of which her father had long been the head was closed by the state banking commissioner and there were rumors that the funds of the bank had been misappropriated. She steadfastly refused to believe the rumors. Her confidence in her father, her best friend since the death of her mother, was absolute. Then came the arrest, trial and conviction. He was sentenced from seven to seventy years.

Although crushed in heart she bore up bravely and began to fight to save her father from prison. She solicited the aid of friends and found hundreds eager to help her. During the trial she was the constant companion of her father in the courtroom and always the same smile of encouragement was on her face which belied the suffering of her heart. Other girls of less force of character would have been crushed in spirit and hid themselves from public gaze. Kate Alexander realized that would never do. She must face the problem with a smile and determination to win.

Following her father's conviction she laid out a plan of action and began work in earnest. She circulated a petition asking Governor McCreary to issue a pardon before incarceration of her father. Hundreds of signatures of best citizens were obtained, among them being many who had lost heavily through failure of the bank. They could not refuse her appeal, backed as it was by her earnestness, devotion to and trust in her father, whom she still believed innocent.

Those who signed it would remark afterward: "Well, I guess I should not have signed it, but I could not refuse Miss Kate." She personally took the document to Governor McCreary, who also yielded to her earnestness and childlike belief in her father, and he was on the point of granting her wish when politics took a hand in the game and he was compelled to refuse. Again and again the courageous girl renewed her efforts only to meet with defeat.

When Governor Stanley assumed office she laid siege to him and, as with McCreary, again politics intervened and disappointment was her portion. Governor Black's attitude was the same.

Pride and independence kept her from accepting the offers of financial assistance from scores of relatives and friends who would have been glad to have come to her aid. She rejected suitors for her hand. She consulted a life-long friend of her father, head of a life insurance company. He told her that soliciting life insurance was a splendid field for a girl, and she took his advice and began work as an agent for his company in central Kentucky. Here is where her former good deeds, her sweet disposition and her popularity were to serve her well.

When it became known that she was soliciting insurance many friends did not wait for her to call on them, but voluntarily hunted her up. Policy after policy, nearly all for large sums, began to roll into the main office. A banquet was given to their agents in Cincinnati, and Miss Alexander was urgently requested to be present. But she was not there. In explaining her absence an official said:

"Miss Kate hasn't time to go to banquets; right now I'll wager she is writing a big policy."

When the year was up it was ascertained that Miss Alexander had sold more than \$500,000 of insurance and was still rapidly adding to that figure.

Then came the inevitable result of five years' of worry and hard work. Friends and

relatives noticed that her health was failing. Though she still retained that smile and cheerful greeting for every one, the bloom of health was leaving her cheeks. Physicians advised a long rest. She spent a fortnight in Florida in hope her health would be restored, but while there Edward P. Morrow assumed the office of governor and she rushed back to Kentucky to take up the fight in her father's behalf.

She proved to Governor Morrow's satisfaction that her father's health was impaired, that he was past seventy-one years of age, and according to the laws of nature he had but a few years at the most to live.



Miss Kate Alexander, dauntless Kentucky girl

She wanted him to spend the remainder of his days outside the prison walls. She circulated another petition, obtaining signatures of the judge who presided at the trial, the commonwealth's attorney, members of the jury who brought in a verdict of guilty, and scores of the most prominent citizens of central Kentucky. She succeeded in winning over the governor in a personal interview and she obtained the pardon.

As the gates swung open and the two walked forth, the father breathing the air of freedom for the first time in five years, the girl collapsed. Her nerve had sustained her until her goal had been attained.

Laugh Here

IN SOME districts in Siam a girl who reaches a certain age without finding a husband is required to wear a label, and thenceforth is a more or less privileged person, under the special care of the king, who is bound by ancient custom to find a husband for her. The royal matrimonial bureau has less difficulty in arranging matches than might be expected, for it works on a very simple system. A prisoner in any jail in the kingdom may gain freedom and pardon by marrying one of the king's charges, and as many eagerly take advantage of the right as there are available freedom-bringing maids. Whether or not the man is already married is of no consequence, as one wife is not the legal limit.

Economy

MEVILLE BOGGS, generally reputed to be the best informed person in the village concerning the affairs of his neighbors, was telling a friend, but recently returned after an absence of some years, of the troubles of Susie Smith and Peter Jones. "Susie, she has broken off her engagement with Peter," he said. "They've been goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been incalculatin' into Peter, as you might say, the beauties of economy. But when she discovered, just lately, that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up 217 pairs of socks for her to darn after the wedding she appeared to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally, an' broke off the match."

Lord Needed No Help

THE cook in a southern family, a "mammy" of the type now passing, was assured by two surgeons whose services had been enlisted by her employer that her condition was such that an immediate operation was necessary.

Mammy listened respectfully but declined their service in the following terms: "It's just as much obliged to you gentlemen as I kin be, but ef de dear Lawd has done made up His mind to call me home, I reckon he kin translate me without no assistance."



cause she was a woman she saw no reason why the United States attorney for the northern district of California should be exploited every time she "put a big one over."

But being the first, and only, woman who ever held such a job, naturally Mrs. Adams' record was a matter of wide interest, becoming nationally so when in 1917 she was prosecuting for the government the famous cases of the well-known Germans, Consul General Bopp, Vice Consul Van Schaak and Lieutenant von Brincken, charged with conspiracy to violate the neutrality of the United States. She secured prison sentences and heavy fines for all three, and the manner in which she conducted the cases brought her into the legal limelight.

As did also her conduct of the Hindu conspiracy cases shortly after, which occupied five months and resulted in conviction. On the last day of the trial, just at the conclusion of Mrs. Adams' argument to the jury, Ran Singh, the leader of the Hindu revolutionists, turned in the crowded courtroom on Rhondra, another Hindu and his bitterest enemy, and shot him to death. Mrs. Adams barely dodged the bullets, and

Sarah Symonds and Her Bas-Reliefs—By Mary Harrod Northend

SHOULD you be in the historical city of Salem you could but notice the bas-reliefs in many of the shop windows. This is the work of Miss Sarah Symonds, artist, who inherited her talent from her great-uncle, who was potter to the king of Holland.

From her childhood she drew all sorts of pictures, and these showed such a decided talent it was decided to finish her education in an art school. Before she had even taken one lesson she conceived the idea of making a model of the Salem witch. This was done partly as an experiment and partly to carry out an idea that she had long cherished of creating in bas-relief rather than photographs, which are so perishable, different phases of historic Salem life.

The witch plaque took, and the demand far exceeded her expectations; in fact, it became so popular that she was scarcely able to fill orders. The next step was in coloring—choosing the right tones to represent the witch figure, shown as riding a broomstick.

These plaques, in sepia and colors, are in all sizes, ranging from the medallion to the large square bas-reliefs that are suitable, if one wishes, to frame for wall hangings.

Her first experiment was made at home, where a small kiln was used for firing, but this was only for a few months, and today she has taken over a whole house for her work, the upper part being used as a workroom and the lower part most artistically fitted up as a showroom. The clerks are all dressed in seventeenth century costumes.

Next came the modeling of the different porches which have formed such an architectural feature in the old historic city-by-the-sea. Some of them showing the rambling rose twined over them are represented in color, making them more attractive, if possible, than the original.

Book-ends are another branch of her work.

Some of them illustrate the Salem gateways, others doorways, and still again we find the witch used. All of these are colored.

The House of the Seven Gables is one of her most effective plaques, and it is shown with the graceful elm which stands a little



to one side, the branches drooping over the roof, making it much more picturesque than if some other view had been chosen. Every visitor to Salem goes to see this historic house filled with memories connected not only with Hawthorne, but with his cousin, "the Duchess," who lived here for so many years.

Gardens are also shown in her work, and the bright-colored blossoms give a touch that makes them more alluring than if it had been left out. Salem gardens of the old-fashioned type, hidden away behind the eighteenth century houses are brought out so vividly that they can but express correctly the one path flower plots which have been carried down from our grandmothers' time.

The beauty and correctness of detail and coloring have attracted the attention of the summer guests, and many are the private orders which she has received to model the beautiful houses that lie along the North Shore. The time chosen for this work is during the summer, when the flowers are in their gorgeous array. These plaques are about two and a half feet wide and two feet long. This branch of the work has become so popular that she is almost overwhelmed with orders.

Not only houses, but porches, pergolas and bits of the garden are ordered. These mean generally but one bas-relief, which makes it prohibitive save for the rich.

There is no part of the year which is a dull time for her. Of course during the summer months, when exhibitions are held in all the large hotels, she is busiest. Later on come holiday orders, which are increasing every year. In fact, so prosperous has been her work that she has recently purchased a large Colonial house and this in addition to her studio.

This work is unique from the fact that everything originates in her own brain. She has no understudy and claims she does not need or desire one.